The Intermezzo

A MUSICAL MONTHLY

MAY, 1905

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

Vol. I. *MAY, 1905.* *No. 5.*

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

ISSUED ON THE 10th OF EACH MONTH.

JOHN STARK, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.
W. P. STARK, - - - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.00 A YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERMEZZO CO.

210 Olive Street, - ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

If there has ever lived, properly speaking, a "tone poet" Chopin was that individual. Beethoven was perhaps more profound and mysterious, Schumann may have had a more heroic ideal and Wagner may have struggled for more stupendous effects, but Chopin reveled in dreams of exquisite sweetness. Others broke over the limitations of the piano and wrote for great combinations of instruments, but Chopin confined himselft strictly to the piano. While his especial field was sweetness, still he could thunder in contrast with all the resources of the piano. He was effeminate in looks and delicate in health, and were he living in this prosaic age young America would have called him a "Nancy." Chopin was born March 1st, 1809, at Zela Zowa Wala, a village near Warsaw in Poland. His father was a Frenchman. His mother was a Pole of noble family. We will not take up space with the number or identity of his teachers, for Chopin developed an individuality of playing and composition decidedly his own. He was not a freak, and it is not claimed that he was a prodigy. He was legitimately trained and applied himself with earnest industry. When 19 years old he started to England by way of Paris. He found Paris so agreeable that he decided to stay there. We quote the following from Liszt. "Shortly after his arrival in Paris he gave several recitals and was heard by the higher society and the young artists with equal admiration. I still remember very well his first appearance in the chambers of M. Pleyel, where the ever-reiterated applause could not satisfy our surprise and enthusiasm at a talent that revealed a new phase in the poesy of musical art, and developed such felicitous innovations in form." Chopin does not fit either the German or Italian schools of his time. His music was typically Polish. Bubbling with the irrepressible life, of the young, still there is a sadness in it—the swan-song of Poland, torn asunder and divided among the surrounding nations. Chopin's musical ideas are dressed in frills and laces, but they are beautifully symmetrical and do not obscure the phrasing when played with proper time and taste.

He was certainly a dreamer, but his dreams do not approach the nightmare quality as do some of the more robust composers. Chopin waltzes and mazourkas do not suggest the ballroom festivities, but the quietude of the boudoir. Worked into Chopin's matchless compositions are the most of the simple melodies of Poland. He has appropriated the ragtime—as it were—of his native land and dressed it in new forms peculiarly his own. He expanded the chord in a manner hitherto unknown, but which became indispensable with later composers. He invented those wonderful harmonic progressions which lend a serious character even to light melodies claiming no such meaning. Chopin's funeral march is perhaps the most vivid portrayal of anguish and tears that ever came from the brain of mortal man. In fact all that there is solemn and heart-rending in the funeral procession of a whole nation weeping its own death, is heard in these funeral strains. After a short life of ill health, Chopin died in Paris, October 17, 1849. You will understand the Intermezzo after a while. We have deprecated—even ridiculed the intolerant and narrow intellect that would turn down American production in composition, and of these some rag creations are of the highest class—still we want to say to the young pianist that you cannot keep house without Chopin. Were his works suddenly taken from the world the loss would be unbearable to the musician. There is a restfulness and sweetness in his music—an individuality—found in no other composer. If you have never played this dreamer we want you to get some of his easier pieces and study them, after which you will need no further advice in this direction.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

The Musical Courier with a multiplicity of words, words, words, platitudinous sentences and ambiguous phrases, gives a little light on musical criticism by the metropolitan daily press, the kernel of which is this: D'Albert came to this country for a recital tour—as others have done, and was approached by a musical reporter of one of the big papers, as other artists have been, with a request for a $100 loan. This meant that if he got the loan the criticism would be favorable, and adverse if the $100 was not forthcoming. D'Albert did not understand the game, or felt that his reputation was secure, and rejected the proposition. The criticism was a roast. Now isn't this about the meanest business that can be thought of? D'Albert can stand it, but the young artist is held up and robbed, or being unable to put up the boodle, as most of them find themselves after paying for their tuition, their reputation is nipped in the bud. They are shamefully and unjustly criticised. The Courier draws the deadly parallel on these critics for revenue only. In one column is the most fulsome and extravagant praise, even straining the language in intense word painting. In a parallel column by a different set of reporters for different papers, of the same artist on the same occasion are a series of killing roasts.

All this means one of two things. Half of these would-be critics are criminally incompetent, and ought to be given the

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position of snake-editor, or they are a set of leeches who fasten themselves onto the player and systematically bleed him regardless of his real qualifications as an artist. The conclusion in either case is that there is no reliance to be placed in the criticisms of the metropolitan newspapers. Of course, the regular press agent of the artist does some fine work, too, though this is comparatively legitimate. When you hear of a phenom in some remote corner of the world who is doing stunts never heard of before, who has surpassed all predecessors in his line, and when the St. Louis papers dilate on this wonder as a matter of news—why that means the phenom will appear in St. Louis in the near future, even though the papers don't mention this at the time.

When you read of some one shooting himself or of some one fainting in the audience, while one of the late songs is being sung or just after it has been sung, and all on account of the sentiment of that song, why this means that the publisher of that song is a decidedly smooth guy.

When you read some time ago in every paper that you picked up that the writer of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch," had heaved a bucket of slop onto the two hundred and ninety-fifth person who had called to look at her on account of the fame of that work, this means that the publisher of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch," believed that a few more copies could be sold if the subject could be brought up in a spectacular manner.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is beaten a country block by the modern press agent.

WOMEN OF MOSCOW APPEAL TO THE EMPEROR.

The following petition of the women of Moscow touches the philosophy of life. It reaches in to the realm of universal truth. It is well worth sober study.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 17.—The Empress of Russian has received from the women of Moscow an address pietously appealing to her as a woman and a mother to use her influence with the Emperor to secure peace.

"Oh, sovereign," the petition says, "we believe your mother's heart feels all the horrors of war as we do. Peace is violated not only beyond the frontiers, but even in the heart of the fatherland.

"We see in recent troubles the beginning of calamities that may crush all Russia if the Emperor does not seek to avert them. All the bases of life are shaken and all the moral foundations are trembling.

"Mothers, who have to bring up the young generation, are saddened by seeing that it is impossible to train up children on the basis of truth, love and duty when the social life of the country does not rest thereon. Our best forces are perishing."

Marcus Aurelius had no clearer vision of the law of our existence and our relation thereto. Emerson would have been honored by those utterances, and Tolstoi could not improve on them. If this is the intellect and spirit of the Russian motherhood there is nothing in this world that can hold them under a corrupt and tyranical autocracy.

The very breath they draw is poisonous to the tyrants. The breach is widening between the ruler and the ruled and the day of deliverance draws near. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

He: "Won't you sit in this chair, Miss Spooner?"
Miss Spooner: "After you."

SUNDAY CLOSING.

On general principles we are not much in favor of sumptuary laws. We believe in the largest possible liberty of the individual consistent with the public good. We are aware that a majority may act the tyrant, and all that, but still we think that many of the grounds for a roar that we hear in St. Louis are not well taken.

What is to hinder any man on Saturday night from laying in a supply of beer, whiskey, absinthe, morphine, or anything that has kicked him off his equilibrium and enslaved him? It will cost him less than taking it over the bar and he may avoid bad company. One woman wrote the Post-Dispatch complaining that "Heretofore her husband drank his booze at home in peace, but last Sunday went to East St. Louis and came home at 12 o'clock at night drunk." Now, it's too bad about this poor fellow. Our advice to the wife is to trade that husband for a dog and chloroform the dog. He is a weak-minded, spiteful inebriate.

The papers say that 35,000 people went to East St. Louis last Sunday, and the complaint is that a whole lot of money was spent there that would have been spent at home. This is all bosh. If the families of these men are to be deprived of this money, what matters it where the men spend it? It will find its way to the distillery or the brewery. The complaints of Sunday closing are mostly childish, and are stimulated by selfish interests. While Sunday closing is the law it should be enforced. At the same time, if the city is not in favor of the law, we very much doubt the moral right of the state to force such a law upon them. No man can be reformed by force.

Politeness pays. When a bill collector calls you are out nothing by requesting him to call again.

A drummer for a Chicago piano house rushed into Henry Liests saloon at Sedalia about 11 o'clock one day last week panting like a chased Jackrabbit, and says Henry for —— sake give me some whiskey quick, I just got a telegram from my wife and I must start home on the first train. I'm afraid she will not live 'till I get there.

Why what's the matter said Henry?

Oh, I don't know exactly, said the drummer, but there's got to be a surgical operation performed and I know about these operations, they kill about nine out of ten. Pass that whiskey back again. What time does the next train leave?

In about an hour, said Henry. Maybe the case is not as bad as you think.

I should say it is, said the drummer. I never heard of such a case. Some kind of an awful tumor. Put me up a quart of that whiskey, I never felt so badly in my life.

Let me see that telegram, said Henry. (Takes it and reads.)

Dear Jim: I can't write today, got to go down town and have a kimona cut out. ALICE.

This little soliloquy has been published before, but it is a gem in its line and is well worth repeating:

YAWKOB AND HIS TOG.

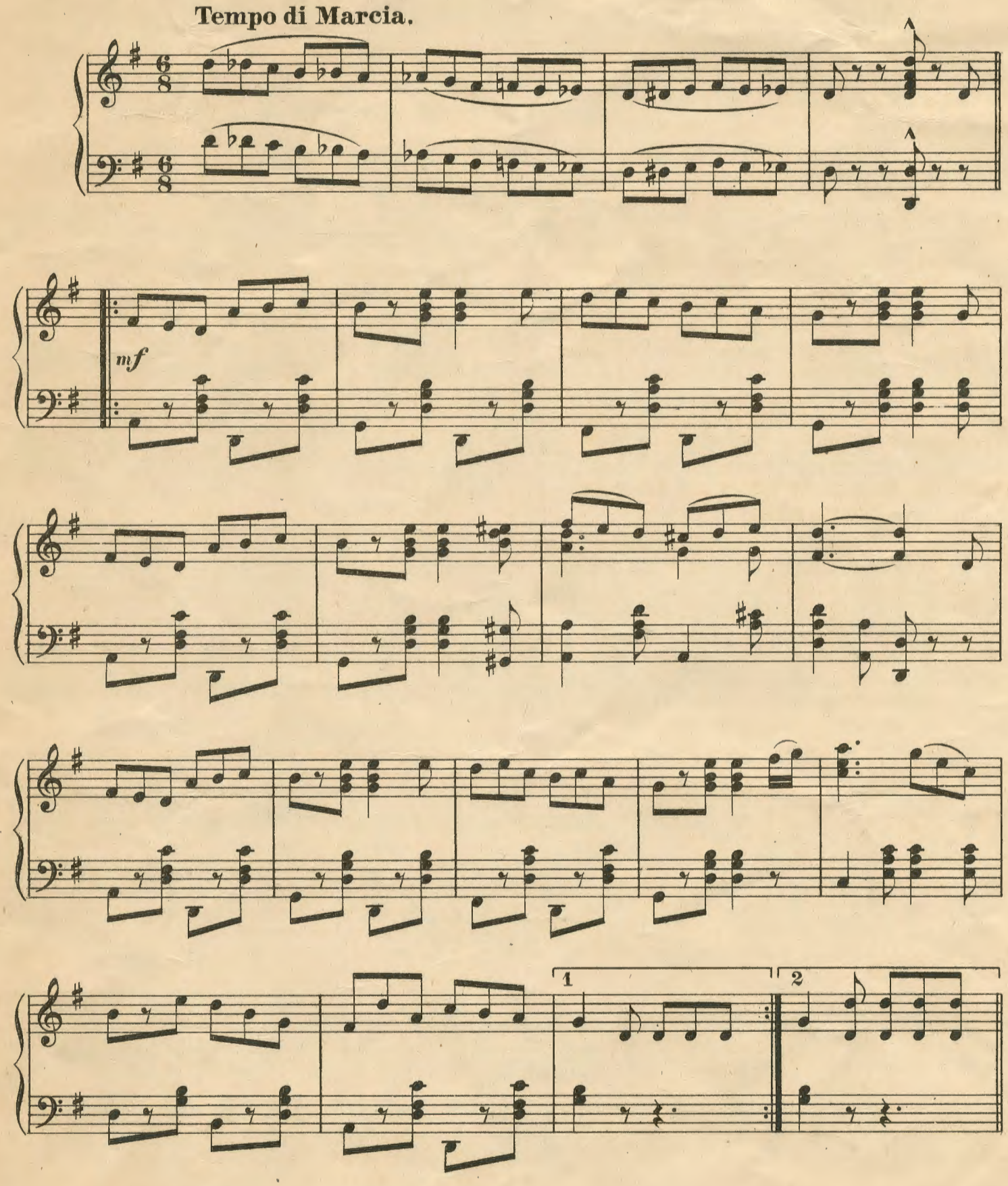
And Yawkob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes und lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der blace und vind up der clock and pud der cat out unt untress myselluf, und my frou vakes up und scholds, den der paby vakes up und cries, und I haf to valk him mit

Respectfully dedicated to my friend Tom Turpin.

The Rose-bud March.

SCOTT JOPLIN.

Tempo di Marcia.



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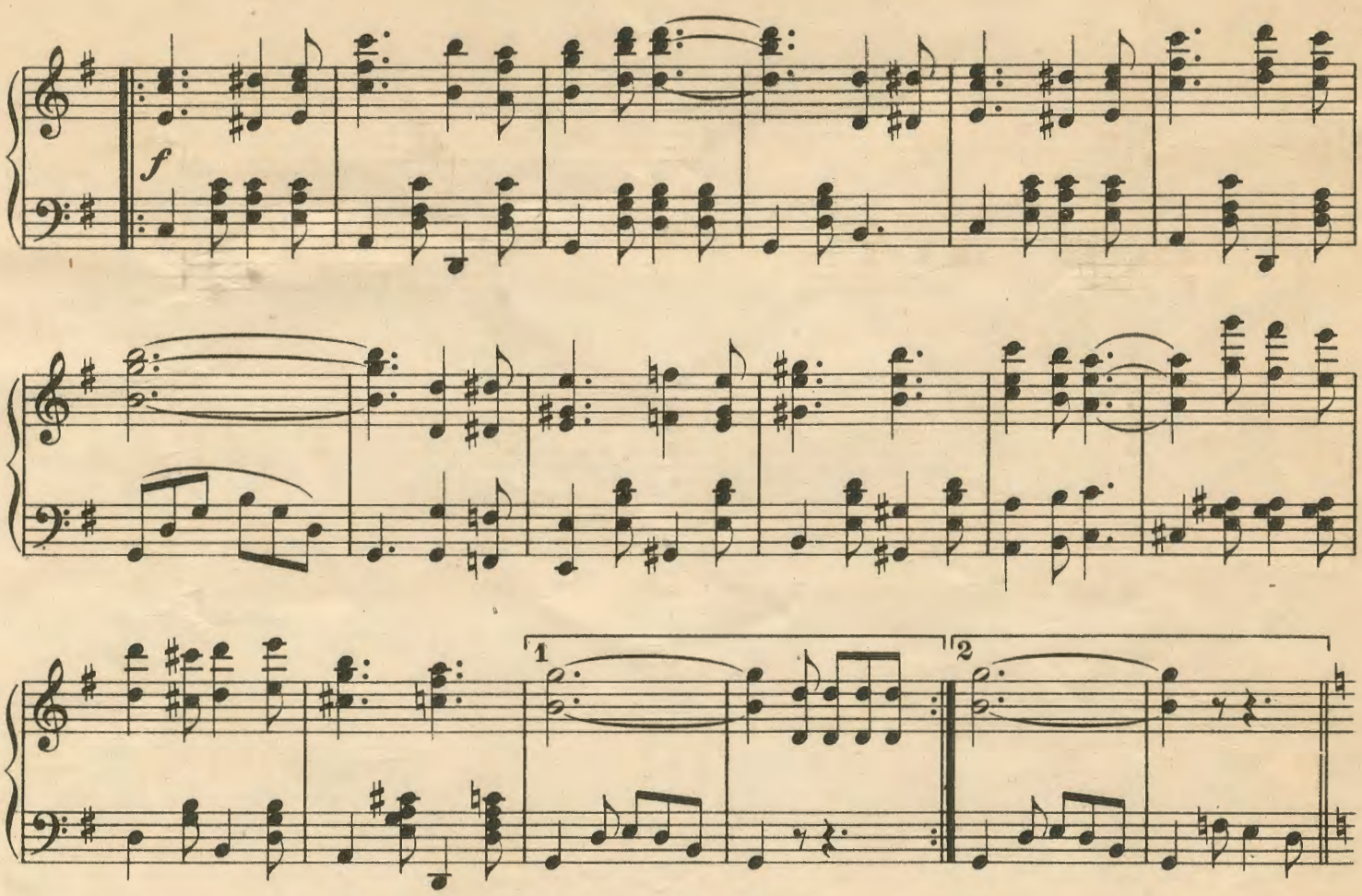
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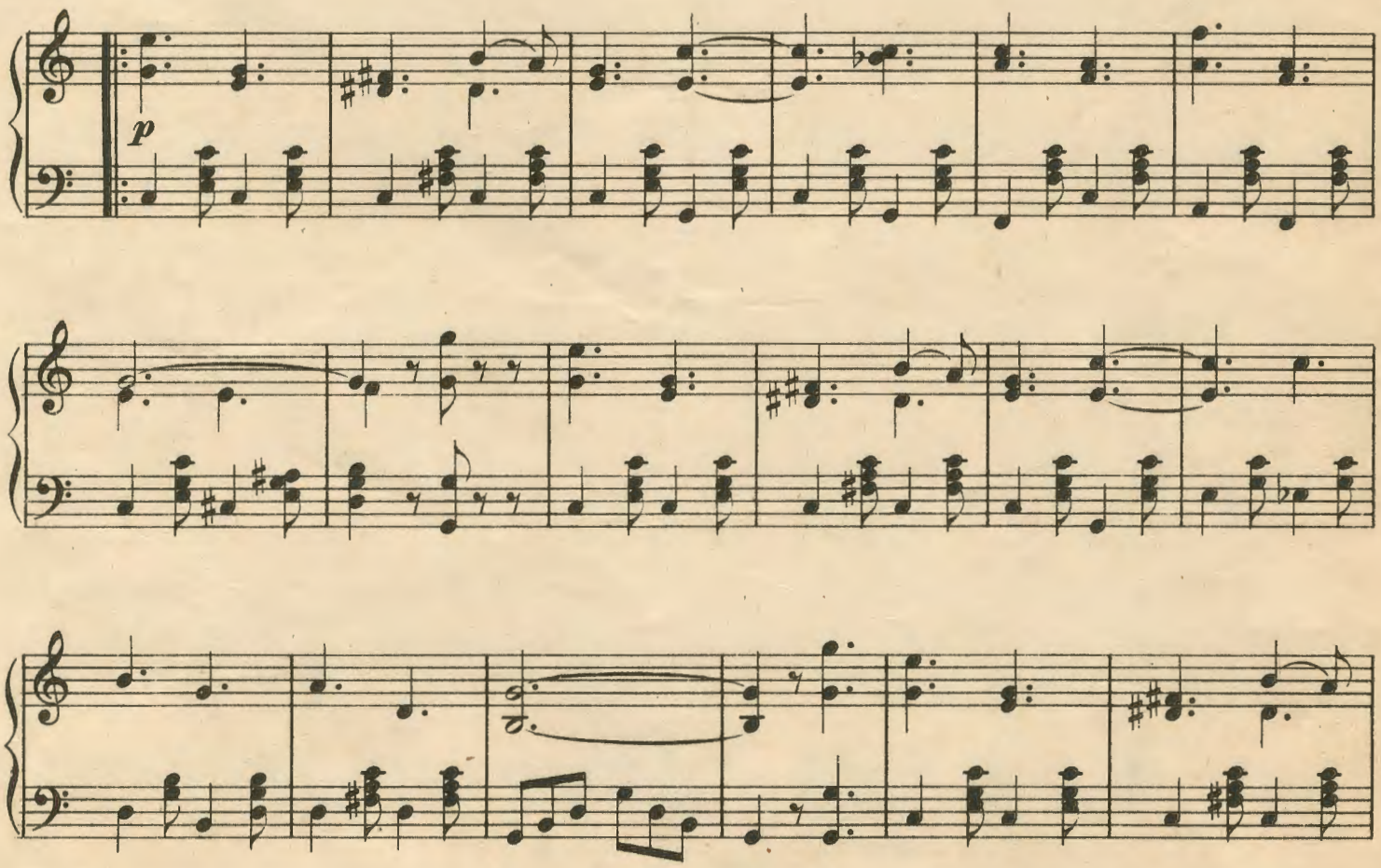
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1 2

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Fine.

VILLAGE CHIMES.

CAPRICE DE SALON.

By MAURICE KIRWIN.

INTRODUCTION.

f scherzando.

cresc.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

TEMPO DI POLKA.

f scherzando.

8

8

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8

3

ff

ff

ff
mf

f

mf

8

8

ff

8

8

SHE'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN.

Words & Music by
W. A. CRAUSE.
Author of
"He was a singer,"
"The same old story,"
"Flossie," etc.

Moderato.

lone - ly wes - tern vil - lage, There dwelt a lit - tle lass, The
in this lit - tle vil - lage, A wed - ding grand took place, It

joy and pride of all was she What - ev - er came to pass, Now
was the faith - less lov - er ____ and girl with pret - ty face, The

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she was just a - bout to wed the man she lov'd so well, She
guests were all so hap - py—— none seem'd to have a care, Ex -

lov'd him dear - er than her life, Yes more than tongue could tell, One
cept the one he cast a - side, 'Twas more than she could bear, A

day a pret - ty girl he met And to her gave his heart, He
wed - ding toast was of - fered— She drank and laugh'd with glee, But

chang'd the old love for the new For - ev - er more to part The
in her glass she placed a drug to end all mis - er - y "She's

vil - lage folks all pit - tied her, But she just smiled and said: "He
fain - ted!" cried the groom with fear And rush'd to where she lay, "I

loves her best so let him go, 'tis bet - ter they should wed.
could not live with - out you dear," was all she had to say.

She'll never etc. 4.

CHORUS.

They nev - er knew she loved him still, So well she play'd the part, They

p

nev - er knew be - hind her smile Was hid a bro - ken heart, Her

one love was the first and last, Al - though 'twas cast in vain. She

bore her lot with cour - age And she'll nev - er love a - gain.

der house around, den maybe ven I gets myselluf to bed it is dime to get up vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourselluf, dig your neck a leddle, und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kittle, scrap some mit my vife alretty und git myselluf breakfast. You play mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to work all der day round und haf plenties of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

EVIL MONEY.

Fifty thousand dollars has lately been offered by Mr. Rockefeller to the Congregational church somewhere—just where we didn't note, but the thing that we did note was that there was a great hubbub in the church about receiving the money from Mr. Rockefeller, lest he should have gotten it wrongfully. Now this looks to us like a little more of the sixteenth century darkness. It doesn't make one bit of difference how Mr. Rockefeller acquired this money (let him answer to that) we are willing to guarantee these good people that no taint of sin will cling to this money when it leaves Mr. Rockefelle'r hands. It will be as powerful for good as though it were just dug from the ground. Let us suppose a fable thusly:

One beautiful Sabbath morning at Pastor M's church the congregation was large and the collection was a good one, to the preacher's great delight. The sum was all dumped together on a platter and began to stir up old acquaintance. The dime says to the nickel, "Hello there Nic, this is no place for you, I saw you last week working the slot machine to a finish." The nickel replied: "What have you got to say about it? The last time I saw you you was changing hands in a crap game every five minutes." "Cheese it," said the dollar, "neither one of you has a lick of religion." At this the fifty-cent piece turned a quizzical gaze on the dollar and said, "With your load of sin I'd hold my tongue, for its well known that you bought a vote and bribed a boodler not six months ago." "Well what inimitable nerve," said the dollar, when only last Friday night you opened a jackpot in one of the worst dives in town." At this they all took a hand, and every sin known to the human race was successfully fastened onto that bunch of coins. The noise was stopped by the board turning the bunch over to the pastor on his salary, and half of it was immediately turned over by him to the Missionary society as his contribution.

Now isn't this fable essentially true, and is it not an evidence of great blindness to reject this money for such a cause. Besides no man knows Mr. Rockefeller's motive in offering this money, and no one has a right to question it. "Judge not."

A question akin to this arose in the long ago, and was answered by the fountain of occult wisdom like this: "Not that that goeth into a man defileth him," and then goes on to explain that out of *the heart* cometh all manner of evil. These defile the man.

Sin is a quantity that has to do with the human heart only. It rolls off inanimate or material objects like water off a goose's back.

The dollar you spend goes on its way doing good or evil according to who gets it, but the good or the evil remains with the man who spends it. You may steal a dollar and give it to the church and the dollar will go out and do genuine charity, but that won't change the fact that you are a thief and will suffer as a thief. The Reverend Rastus may steal a chicken on Saturday night, and preach an eloquent sermon on Sunday which may cause some bad man to lead a better life. The bad man will get full benefit of his better life, but the Rev. Rastus will suffer as a thief just the same as though he had never preached that sermon. Each tub must stand on its own bottom. Sins are not transferable. Neither is salvation. If Mr. Rockefeller got his money in an unfair manner, giving it to the church will do him no possible good. Receiving it will do the church no harm. Take the money.

INTOLERANCE.

The irrepressible conflict between those who "play only the classics" and those who are convinced that they do not like a poor rendering of this class of music, goes merrily on. While one may refuse to hear ragtime, and the others may stop their ears to the *execution* of Bach, still they are willing to let each other live.

"'Twas not like this in the days of old." "Which one of the prophets have your fathers not persecuted and slain," was the arraignment of Jesus of Nazareth, and he Himself was soon after put to death for reasons that would hardly be counted sufficient in these days.

Philosophers who discovered the rotundity of the earth and the working of the solar system were about to be put to death for revealing a *fact.* For *reasons* they wanted the old theory to prevail even though it be false. Many good men have been burned at the stake all along the ages for no other reason than that they were independent in thought and honest in their convictions.

Old men now living can remember when the Methodists and Campbellites were enemies, and both, with all Protestants, were united only in their hatred of the Catholics, and the latter church consigned all outside its own pale to eternal perdition, and in aggravated cases were willing to give them a good send-off with anathema. In all churches there was more piety than religion. There was more doctrine than charity. The thing believed was of more importance than daily life.

A new preacher was once called to a Methodist pastorate and stopping with a good old brother, asked him how many in the church really had religion. The old brother answered: "Well now, between you and me, there are only two—Me and the old woman, and, do you know, I sometimes have doubts about the old woman. The hypocrite is the greatest heretic hunter. And in politics in the good old days the man who changed his convictions was a traitor. There was no independence of thought allowable. Men's opinions were handed down to them. Now let us tell you that this howl against the higher class of ragtime is a relic of antiquity. It comes from intellectual darkness. It is an opinion handed to 99 out of 100 by some one who had *cause.* Do you know that there are many fairly good players and many teachers who cannot by any possibility get the swing of the Joplin ragtime? Don't you see how their reputations would suffer if asked to play it? Their only escape is to howl it down. Otherwise there would be a dispersion of the halo with which pupils invariably crown their teacher. It is unfortunate that these high-class rags have been classed with the light trash on the market, for they are neither light nor trashy—indeed some of them are as difficult as much of Bach or Beethoven, and those who are only posing as pianists are up against it and have but the one road to escape—cry it down.

Dear reader let us ask you to play Beethoven, Bach and Chopin, Joplin or anything that strikes your fancy. This is the 20th century, don't let anyone fasten their 16th century prejudices on you, and we will see that you are not burned at the stake.

MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The convention of the Music Teachers' National Association will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 21, 22, 23, at Teachers' College, Columbia University. E. M. Bowman is acting president and chairman of executive committee. Charles H. Farnsworth is chairman of executive committee. The program contemplates a comprehensive scheme of discussions as to the relation of music to general education. This group of topics will be as follows:

I. (1) What Should the Public Schools Aim to Accomplish in Music? This question will be answered: First, from the citizen's point of view; second, from the school principal's point of view, and third, from that of the professional musician. An eminent representative from each class will lead in the discussion and an open discussion will follow.

(2) Should Music Study in Schools, Colleges and Universities Count as Laboratory Work?

(3) Should Music Count Toward College and University Entrance? If so, what should be its nature and extent?

(4) Music Courses in College and Universities. With respect especially to what can be done for the amateur in the way of helping him to better understand and appreciate music.

(5) Conservatories and Music Schools. The need of an endowment for education in music.

II. The second group of topics will relate more particularly to the private teacher and the general title to this group will be:

The Essentials That Are Agreed Upon in Teaching. (a) The Voice. (b) The Piano. (c) Composition (harmony. counterpoint, form and composing). If the essentials can be stated on which the majority of teachers agree it will certainly be extremely helpful to the rising generation of teachers in giving them some solid ground on which to stand. If it seems desirable to discuss the non-essentials there will be no difficulty in making the digression.

III. The third group of discussions will concern the public career of the American composer and the American artist. This will include a general consideration of the musical situation in America, the handicaps of American singers, players and composers, their rights as to recognition in the field of art, and what should be done to secure that recognition.

IV. Music Criticism in the Professional Papers and the Daily Press.

V. The Music Teachers' National Association. A consideration of its aims, organization and administration.

THE CLASSICS.

We hear so much misinformation when the classics are spoken of that we will ask our readers—and especially those who "play only the classics"—to tell us just what the classics are. We will just give the subject a little start by stating that Wagner is not classic. Moszkowsky cannot claim to write classic music. There is nothing of this kind produced in this country that we are aware of. Will some of our readers tell us what *is* classic music? And what music is classic. We fear they will find the question as troublesome as the question, what is ragtime, and why is it bad? Please get down to these two questions and give them thought.

To make genuine Wall Street consomme take a little stock, add seven times as much water, then catch your lamb.

NOT FOR HER.

A New Thought mother who lives in Lakewood, N. J., was putting her precocious small boy to bed, and giving him his evening thought.

"Now you must remember, Charlie, that all is love and harmony, all is love and harmony; that you are filled with harmony, and must be happy."

"Mamma," said the boy, sleepily, "how can I be filled with hominy, when we didn't have any hominy for supper?"

FEET.

"See that man? Well sir, he landed in this country with bare feet and now he's got millions."

"Gee whiz! he must be a regular centipede."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LONG DISTANCE APPRECIATION.

Mrs. Jordan—Did you ever hear my daughter sing, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. Johnson—Oh, yes; I only live five blocks from your house, you know.

We wish to request any subscriber to the Intermezzo whose name or address we have gotten incorrectly, to send us a card with their proper address plainly written, and also notify us of any irregularity in getting the paper. We say this because we have had two or three cases where the subscriber did not call for the magazine, on which we evidently had a wrong address. We are more anxious to correct such errors than is the subscriber, and will take pleasure in answering any complaint. We are receiving over 100 new subscribers each week, and some mistakes are bound to occur, from hasty and careless writing, but the most complete satisfaction will be given each one at the earliest possible moment.

When Bill Nye was in Philadelphia, in 1893, he visited the office of George W. Childs. At parting Mr. Childs asked the humorist to write a sentiment in his autograph album. Nye at once produced this:

"Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds."

Senator Johnson—Do you know, I had a remarkable dream last night. I dreamed that I was in heaven, and that I was having a hard time to get my coat on over my wings.

Senator Jimson—Oh, don't let that bother you. The trouble you will have will be in getting your hat on over your horns.

A pretty good story was told at the Undertakers' Convention about a minister. He had been officiating at so many funerals that he knew the service by heart, and one day a wedding was held at the church.

After performing the service he horrified the audience by announcing: "Now, all those who wish to view the body will pass up the middle aisle and down the side."

A wealthy brewer in Montreal built a church and inscribed on it: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his sole expense. Hebrews xi." Some college wags altered the inscription so as to make it read: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his soul's expense. He brews XX."

Laugh and the world laughs with you. That is, all but the Englishman. He stares at you.

FOUR LATE SONG SUCCESSES

OF THE

AMERICAN MUSIC SYNDICATE,

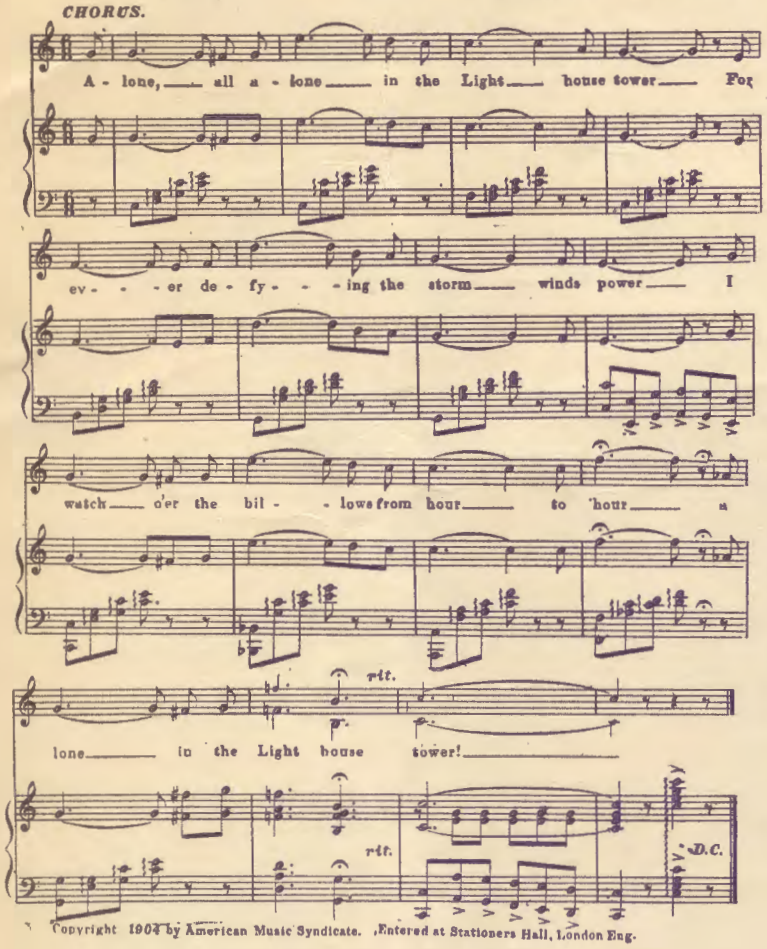
ST. LOUIS.

ALONE IN THE LIGHT HOUSE TOWER

Arr. by THOS. H. SIMS.

Words & Music by
MONROE H. ROSENFELD.

CHORUS.


A - lone, all a - lone in the Light house tower For
ev - - - er de - fy - - ing the storm winds power I
watch o'er the bil - - lows from hour to hour a
rit.
lone in the Light house tower!
rit.
D.C.

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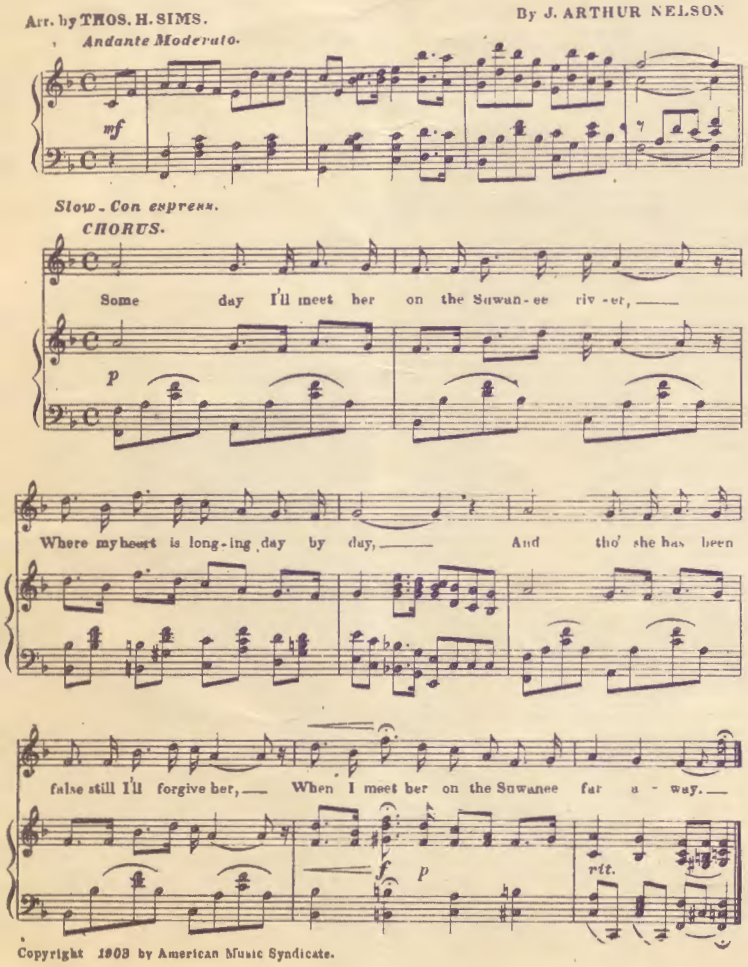
WHEN I MEET HER ON THE SUWANEE FAR AWAY.

Arr. by THOS. H. SIMS.

By J. ARTHUR NELSON

Andante Moderato.


mf
Slow - Con express.
CHORUS.
Some day I'll meet her on the Suwan - ee riv - er,
p
Where my heart is long - ing day by day, And tho' she has been
false still I'll forgive her, When I meet her on the Suwanee far a - way.
f
p
rit.

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Try them Over and Send 25 Cts. Per Copy for the Complete Sheet Music

I'll Come Back To Claim You When The Leaves Turn Green.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. ARTHUR NELSON.

When the leaves turn green I'm com - ing back to claim you, In the
lit tle church my bride I'm going to name you, And tho
months may roll be - tween, All my love will live su - preme, And
I'll come back to claim you when the leaves turn green.

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THE OLD PLANTATION SONGS WE USED TO SING.

Words by
H. MARTIN.

Music by
DELLA HICKS.

Moderato.

mf
molto rit.
1. When the har - vest moon is float - ing in the star - lit even - ing sky, And I
2. I can see the cot - ton blos - soms wav - ing gent - ly in the breeze, And the
p
sit up - on the bench be - fore my door, A
old plan - ta - tion man - sion on the hill; I can
sad and homesick feel - ing comes a knock - ing at my heart For my
hear the bell - a ring - ing as it called us from the field, And the

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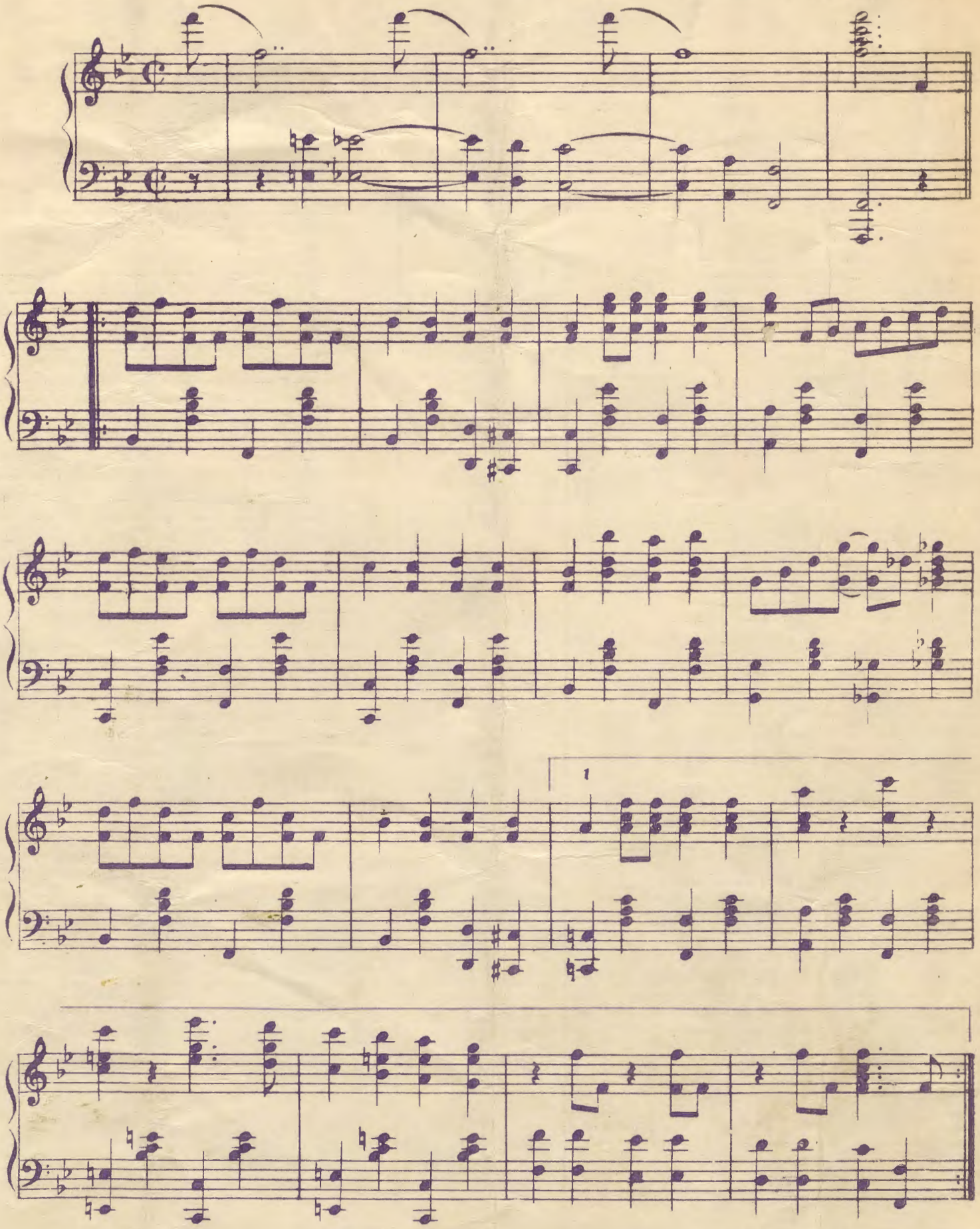
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

"COMUS"

TWO STEP.

By Carrie Bruggeman.



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